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PUBLISHED BY

The Class of 1923

OF

St. Joseph Hospital Training School of Nursing Education

Fort Wayne, - - - Indiana

CLASS OFFICERS

MARY J. CALLAHAN - - - - -	*President*
CHRISTINE ZOLLINGER - - - -	*Secretary*
CHARLOTTE BIRMINGHAM - - - -	*Treasurer*

CLASS FLOWER—*Sunburst Rose.*

CLASS COLORS—*Blue and Gold.*

CLASS MOTTO—*Semper Paratus.*

Preface

ANOTHER small vessel is ready to be launched upon the literary sea;—small it is, indeed, but we hope it won't be counted among the innumerable wrecks that occur on this ocean, but will safely overcome the waves of criticism.

We have not had the opportunity to profit from failures and successes of the classes before us, as ours is the first annual, and we fully appreciate that if we should have improved in some points it is not altogether our fault. We apologize to all who feel personally offended by anything in its perusal. Remember that nothing was written thus intentionally —but everything to arouse interest. If in years to come you perhaps look back through these pages and fond reminiscences of old friends and places are recalled—and you experience happiness thereby, then

We are satisfied.

CLASS OF 1923.

733883

DEDICATION

TO

SISTER M. ODILO

In earnest appreciation of your untiring efforts in our behalf, and unfailing interest in our welfare, we, the Class of 1923, dedicate this "Call" to you.

ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL

St. Joseph's Hospital

MAIN, BROADWAY AND BERRY STREETS

FORT WAYNE, IND.

In the year 1869, when the population of Fort Wayne numbered about 3,000 inhabitants, it was realized that the city needed an institution in which the sick and suffering should find care and relief. As no one volunteered to undertake this tremendous enterprise, Right Reverend Luers, then Bishop of Fort Wayne, undertook to burden himself with the purchase of the Rockhill House to be used for hospital purposes. Assisted by an organization which was formed and known as the St. Joseph's Hospital Association, progress was made to repair and fit the building for charitable purposes and was placed under the control and management of the Sisters known as the "Poor Handmaids of Jesus Christ," with the right on their part when pecuniarily and legally capacitated by incorporation, to acquire and purchase said property. The tendering of the deed to the Sisters took place in May, 1878.

St. Joseph's Hospital is located on the southwest corner of West Main street and Broadway and can be reached by a West Main or Broadway street car. It is also within walking distance, being only six squares west of Calhoun street.

The Hospital Building is a modern six-story structure ingenuously arranged to have abundance of fresh air, light and sunshine in each room.

Each floor has three diet kitchens, one of which is connected with the main kitchen by means of a dumb elevator, and is also equipped with a steam table, insuring serving of warm meals.

The Hospital equipment is most modern, including four well-lighted Operating Rooms.

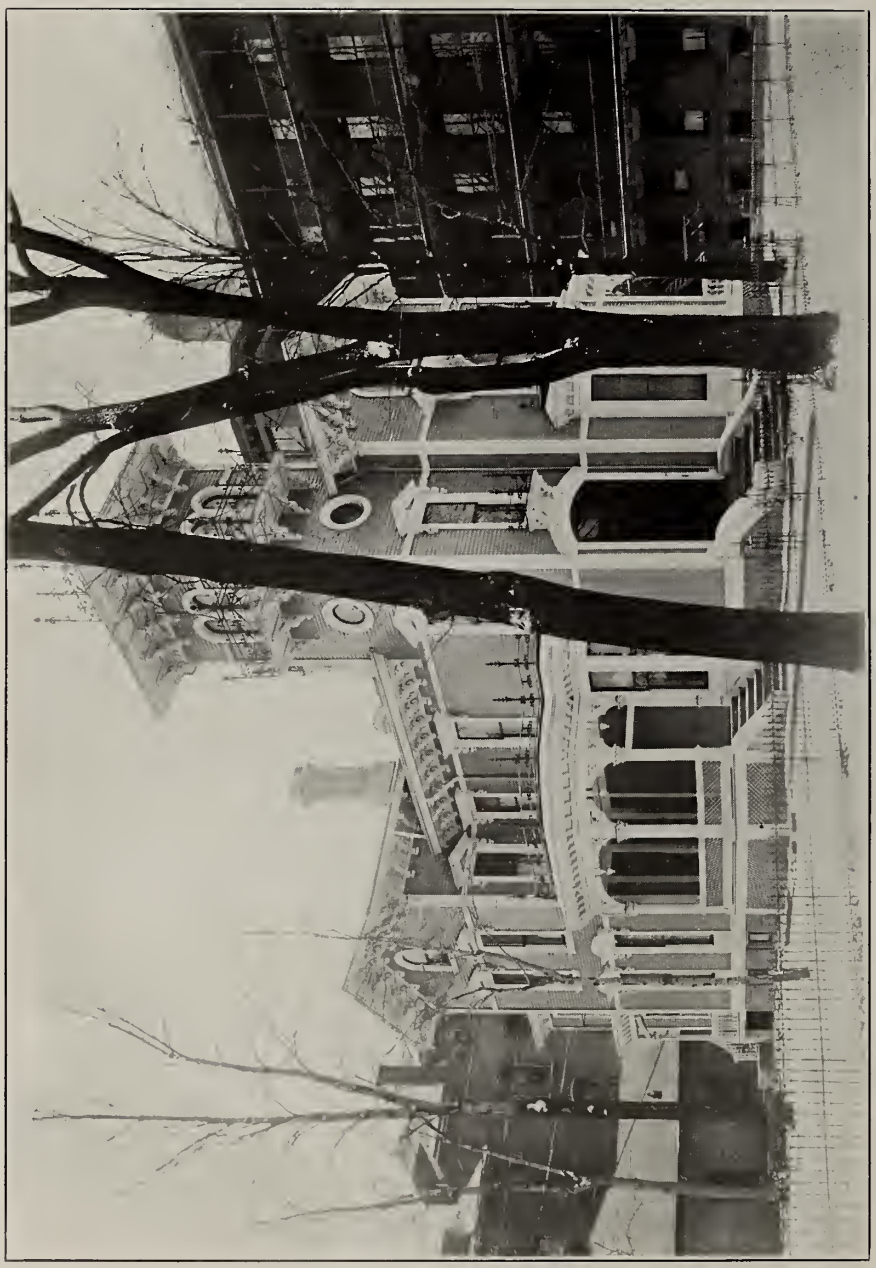
The X-Ray Laboratory, modernly equipped, is prepared to make all radiographs and fluoroscopic examinations, dental films and X-Ray treatments.

The Pathological Laboratory under the direction of a pathologist and technicians is modernly equipped, and the various departments furnished completely for any kind of work.

The Record Department consists of a large room adjoining the office containing specially designed wall cases, wherein the case histories and records of patients are kept. These cases are large enough to contain all the records of thousands of patients and lend ready access to all histories.

The capacity of the hospital is 200 beds and more than 4,000 patients receive care and treatment each year. The hospital receives patients of every religious denomination, no distinction is made as to nationality or creed. The resident chaplain attends to the spiritual wants of the Catholic patients, whereas to minister to their spiritual requirements, patients may have their clergymen visit them at any time.

The St. Joseph's Hospital School for Nursing Education was organized in 1918 and is accredited by the State Department of Registration and Education, whose rules relative to the course of instruction and requirements of admission into accredited schools are strictly followed.



THE NURSES' HOME

Courses of Instruction

FIRST YEAR

Nursing Proceedures ..... Sister M. Odilo
Hygiene ..... Dr. Lill
Bacteriology ..... Dr. Eberly
Chemistry ..... Dr. Senseny
Elementary Materia Medica ..... Dr. Bell
Anatomy and Physiology ..... Dr. Bolman
Drugs and Solutions ..... Sister Confirma
Nursing Ethics ..... Sister M. Odilo
First Aid and Bandaging ..... Dr. Mendenhall
Nutrition and Cookery ..... Sister M. Beatrice
Massage ..... Dr. Titus

SECOND YEAR

Nursing Proceedures ..... Sister M. Odilo
Dietetics ..... Sister M. Beatrice
History of Nursing ..... Sister M. Odilo
Surgical Diseases ..... Dr. Bruggeman
Medical Diseases ..... Dr. Kane
Anatomy and Physiology ..... Dr. Berghoff
Communicable Diseases ..... Dr. Rice
Materia Medica and Therapeutics ..... Dr. McArdle
Operating Room Technique ..... Sister M. Polycarpa
Emergencies ..... Dr. Porter, Sr.
Gynecology ..... Dr. Rosenthal
Skin and Venereal Diseases ..... Dr. Gilpin

THIRD YEAR

Diseases of Ear, Nose, and Throat ..... Dr. Senseny
Diseases of Eye ..... Dr. Bulson
Public Sanitation ..... Dr. Lohman
Laboratory Technique ..... Sister M. Confirma
Professional Subjects ..... Sister M. Odilo
Orthopedics ..... Dr. Rawles
Pediatrics ..... Dr. Drayer
Nervous and Mental Diseases ..... Dr. Porter, Jr.

STAFF OF ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL

Staff Members

STAFF SURGEONS

DR. M. I. ROSENTHAL.....*President of Staff*
DR. H. O. BRUGGEMAN.....*Secretary of Staff*

DR. WEAVER.
DR. P. S. TITUS
DR. M. F. PORTER, SR.
DR. R. M. BOLMAN.
DR. SINGER.
DR. L. T. RAWLES.
DR. M. R. LOHMAN.
DR. J. C. LILL.
DR. CAMERON.
DR. RAY.

MEDICAL

DR. J. H. GILPIN.
DR. J. E. MCARDLE.
DR. B. W. RICE.
DR. R. J. BERGHOFF.
DR. D. D. JOHNSTON.
DR. E. L. CARTWRIGHT.
DR. A. L. KANE.
DR. M. F. PORTER, JR.
DR. E. N. MENDENHALL.
DR. E. M. VANBUSKIRK.

EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT SPECIALISTS

DR. A. E. BULSON.
DR. H. M. SENSENY.
DR. H. E. GLOCK.
DR. EUGENE BULSON.

DR. CHAS. ROTHSCHILD.....Obstetrician
DR. L. P. DRAYER.....Pediatrician
DR. J. H. GILPIN.....Dermatologist
DR. B. W. RHAMY.....Pathologist
DR. K. EBERLY.....Pathologist
DR. J. S. BELL.....Pathologist and Roentgenologist

In Memoriam

DR. CALVIN

Congratulations from the Alumnae

TO THE GRADUATES OF '23

Hearty greetings and success to all.
May your life prove a blessing to yourself
And every one with whom you meet in your noble profession.
Again, may success be yours.

Mrs. E. Kunkel, R. N.

I told you last year
To be of good cheer,
For next would be your graduation.
And since time has drawn near,
Congratulations, my dears,
And don't ALL be Obstetrical Nurses.

Esther Ley, R. N., Class 1922, Mishawaka, Ind.

Graduation Day is here
And on the scenes there doth appear
The Class of '23.

You've worked all day and some nights, too,
Some days you were happy, some days blue,
Unpleasant duties by the score
Had to be done on every floor.

Going to the class room quite perplexed,
Reciting and hearing the doctor say "Next."
Suppose you tell us all about a neurone
And you wish that you were "Home, Sweet Home."

You've worked in the Lab; a month or two
Finding out what "Bugs" can do,
Making tests and trying to find
A cure for diseases of mankind.

You thought the Operating Room a wonderfud place
Until you looked at the Surgeon's face,
Saw him frown and heard him say
"I don't want my sutures cut that way."

Now the Infantry, it isn't half bad
But even at that you're always glad
When your name isn't mentioned three times or more
To report for night duty on the fourth floor.

But after all is said and done
Your pin and diploma you have won;
You'll attach an R. N. to your name
And keep on working just the same.

Dean Lodwick Raabe, R. N., Cincinnati, Ohio.

ALUMNAE

TO THE CLASS OF 1923

How ever many there may be,
Number makes no difference though,
For sunshine follows
Where'er they go;
So congratulations fond and true
Are my sincerest wish to you.

HILDA LEAHY, R. N.

To attain worth while aspirations
Means hard work and hours of long duration,
But well, indeed, have each succeeded;
So here's congratulations.

DELLA E. JAMES, R. N., Los Angeles, Calif.

When it comes to poetry, Class of 1923,
I'm not so good as you'll soon see.
But, since the time is here,
Please accept these words of cheer.
From me to you, a wish so true
I hope t'will haunt your whole life through.
May all your days be free from blame,
With ne'er a cloud or drop o' rain;
May you never have a bit o' trouble,
But like an airy bubble,
May your labors be so light
They'll just carry you to fortune's height.
And in the days that are to be
Won't you all remember me?

HERSTIE, R. N.

May you make the world as bright as you have the school.

R. M. UEBER, R. N.

MISS ZOLLINGER

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

A perfect woman nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort and command,
And yet a spirit still and bright
With something of an angel's light.

MISS BIRMINGHAM

SARNIA, ONTARIO, CANADA

As pleasant a person as e'er you did see,
Born to serve it would seem to me;
When I see how gladly with earnest intent
She to her grave duty of serving is bent.

MISS REAGAN

HUNTINGTON, INDIANA

If you want to succeed in the world
You must take up your trumpet and blow it,
See that your banner is freely unfurled
And take every occasion to show it.

MISS FLORA

HUNTINGTON, INDIANA

Work on at the task, ye bright, cheery band,
And shed your bright sunshine o'er suffering's land.
Remember where'er your path may traverse,
That God will reward a sweet, smiling nurse.

MISS DISBROW

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

Come! Let's get together, nurses,
As our daily work we do;
Let's give thanks to God Almighty
And to our school be true.

SISTER M. GERTRUDINA

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

Noiselessly treading the sweet, silent way,
From sickness to life breathing hope anew;
I've helped and labored but not in vain
For isn't that what God would have me do?

MISS CALLAHAN

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,
Whose deeds both great and small
Are close knit strands of one unbroken thread.

MISS LEY

AVILLA, INDIANA

She labors unceasingly from sun to sun,
As seemingly gladly as she has begun,
And when in the morn' night's long hours are gone
You hear her still breathing the shatch of a song.

MISS HOHMAN

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

I ask not for easier pathways to tread,
Nor easier burdens to bear;
But I pray for the courage to journey ahead,
And alone I would conquer my care.

MISS STOFFEL

HUNTINGTON, INDIANA

Commencement Day is here and this it means
To nurses one and all.
We stand arrayed with Truth and Right,
To tread where duty calls.

MISS SCHEIBER

HUNTINGTON, INDIANA

New chances ours in darkened lives,
Forlorn and sad indeed,
To heal the wounds which Time has made
And be a friend indeed.

SISTER M. DULCIA

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

When fevers severe and intensely burn,
When others their heads from suffering would turn,
She says, "Let me try and help for awhile,
And on her grave face rests a sweet, kindly smile.

The Florence Nightingale Pledge

"I solemnly pledge myself before God and in the presence of this assembly, to pass my life in purity and to practice my profession faithfully. I will abstain from whatever is deleterious and mischievous, and will not take or knowingly administer any harmful drug. I will do all in my power to elevate the standard of my profession and will hold in confidence all personal matters committed to my keeping, and all family affairs coming to my knowledge in the practice of my calling. With loyalty will I endeavor to aid the physician in his work and devote myself to the welfare of those committed to my care."

Class History

In the fall of 1920, a class of eleven young women from various parts of the country organized and presented themselves to the Superintendent of St. Joseph's Hospital to follow in the footsteps of our immortal Florence Nightingale, to take up a profession ,the noblest of all—"Nursing."

As we entered the portals of this great institution, we were seized with a sudden fear which vanished the moment we beheld the kind face of our superior, Sister Odilo, who after words of greeting, conducted us to the Nurses' Home on the corner of VanBuren and Berry streets. The same evening we received our probation uniforms and were told to report on duty the following morning.

Time passed quickly, we soon learned to obey our seniors, carry trays, give drinks to our suffering patients and various duties as probationers.

Thus the three months of our probation passed. Then our first great event occurred: Sister Odilo called us to her office and gave us our bibs and cuffs, and the following morning all appeared at Holy Mass in full uniform. We were Juniors.

Our lectures began on September 18th, 1920. We were conducted to the lecture orom. We all liked good things to eat, so Sister B. Beatrice taught us how to make very tempting dishes for the sick.

Then came Dr. Bolman's lectures in Anatomy and Physiology.

Every Wednesday at 4 o'clock Dr. Lill lectured on Hygiene, told us all about sewer pipes, heating systems, ventilation, etc. And on the following day Dr. Eberly told us about the members of the "bug family."

Our class chain was broken by the departure of Miss C.—to a field unknown, leaving ten of us to complete our hospital course.

The second semester of our Junior year—We were quite refreshed from our Christmas vacation and were determined to make the most of our time.

Dr. Mendenhall told us all about Emergencies and First Aid to the Injured.

Dr. Senseny seldom failed to appear on Friday to call our attention to Chemistry, while Sister Odilo was sure to appear for our weekly lectures on Ethics.

On October 1st, 1921, our Training School affiliated with the Irene Byron Tubercular Sanitorium, offering us a two months' course in T. B. work. Every one enjoyed this work.

Our work continued on for weeks, yes for months, and someone said, "Intermediates."

Dr. Berghoff continued the work of Dr. Bolman by lectures in Anatomy, giving us a written quiz "frequently."

Sister M. Beatrice continued her lectures and demonstrations in Nutrition and Cookery. (Plus calories.)

Sister M. Confirma never failed us on Friday evening with her problems in solutions, nor did Dr. McArdle ever fail us in Materia Medica.

Essentials of medicine hovered near, Dr. Kane never failing us.

Dr. Calvin, one of our most esteemed instructors, who since has gone from our midst, called our attention to Skin and Venereal Diseases.

Dr. Rice instructed us in Communicable Diseases, giving us good grades in our exam.

Then one day Dr. Bruggeman, stately and tall, greeted us with his lectures in Surgical Diseases and their probable outcome.

We were told that Obstetrics was most necessary to a nurse's knowledge, so Dr. Rothschild instructed us in that branch of work.

Dr. Rosenthal called our attention to Gynecology.

Did some one say we had another class? Why, yes. Dr. Porter, Sr., is here to tell us all about Surgical Emergencies.

Our lectures continued throughout another year.

SENIORS.—Now we didn't feel so radically different, but surely there was some difference, due to our bearing that exalted title. So we entered the last year of our training, determined to make the most of our time. Lectures began once more with Dr. Porter, Jr., on Nervous and Mental Diseases. ("Sweet Dreams of Africa.")

Dr. Lohman instructed us in Hygiene and Public Sanitation.

Dr. Rawles never failed us in Orthopedic Surgery and ended the work by taking us for a visit to the Indiana State School for Feeble-Minded Youth.

Dr. Drayer in Pediaatrics ably gave us in detail the care and feeding of children in infancy and childhood.

In order to understand more fully the diseases of the ear, nose and throat, Dr. Sensensy enlightened us on that subject while Dr. Bulson lectured on the eye.

Now some of our organs are always a source of annoyance to us, so in order to understand slides, smears and drainages more fully, laboratory technique was quite necessary, this subject being given over to Dr. Bell.

Now we have come to the parting of the ways, if such it might be called, but as we part we have no fear, being ever mindful of our school's motto, *"Propter Humanitatem."*

—M. S.

Class Prophecy

It was in the month of June; June with its gorgeous beauty, its balmy warmth and its dreamy nights. Little do I wonder why the poet long ago exclaimed, "Oh! What is so rare as a day in June. Then, if ever come perfect days."

It was on one such day, after a long hike, that I found myself in a bit of shaded woodland; here, seated on the moss-covered remains of a mighty oak, the spirit of prophecy descending from the spheres, enveloped my soul with her mystic powers. Everything around me was filled with an alluring tendency to conjure the imagination and to launch me on the bark of reverie. And lo: this fair and gracious spirit, with her mystic touch, rolled back the curtain of time, allowing me to gaze down the long vista of things yet to be, and moving among the dim shadows of peoples I could discern the familiar forms of those fair and radiant beings who were once my classmates. We were wandering down the avenues of a strange land, a land made sublime with sunshine, flowers and song, when I encountered our own Miss Callahan, with the same dignified bearing as of yore. The happy surprise of meeting over found us speeding to her native villa, she telling me of her work for Uncle Sam in this beautiful clime, of many reverses bravely met and overocme, and how with assiduous endeavor she climbed the ladder of success and was going upward and on. In the meantime we arrived at the villa which was truly a haven of rest. I tarried a few days with my delightful host, recalling many happy reminiscences of days long ago spent in the shadow of dear St. Joseph's. I was loathe to leave but the spirit bade me hasten as we had many lands to see.

'Tis springtime in Japan. No other land knows a springtime equaling this, with its wealth of beauty, its myriads of cherry blossoms, and its quaintly roofed dwellings. In this quaint clime I found none other than Miss Zollinger, and the reason of her sojourn? It was easy to guess—she was doing what her heart had always longed to do, namely missionary work. How lovingly she ministered to their corporal and spiritual wants. The respect of the natives was easily discernible; their esteem for her was akin to love. Her work is all in all to her and she finds ample compensation in their grateful appreciation of her every deed.

Again the Spirit bade me make haste; this time we traversed a very great space 'ere we reached our destination. I was overjoyed with it, for I had always longed to see the grandeur of Canada, especially in mid-winter. We reached a mammoth city and pointing to a large industrial concern she bade me enter. It was so strange I felt but the strangeness was utterly forgotten the moment my eager gaze rested on Miss Birmingham's smiling, jovial face. Needless to say our meeting was a happy one and little time elapsed until I knew all that had transpired since graduation. First there was the long vacation, in her own Canadian sphere, during which the friendship of one Dr. Lawson was revived and the presence of a beautiful solitaire gave evidence of the early culmination of the romance. Now I find she is capably filling the position of supervisor.

Reluctantly I left this charming country and now we were passing through our own dear U. S. A. The scenes about me seemed to grow familiar—and no wonder, they recalled scenes of my happy childhood—for it was my birthplace, Huntington, Indiana. We stopped in the vicinity of a beautiful home, and complying with the Spirit's advice, I found myself gazing upon a charming home scene. The characters portrayed were a doting mother and a fond father and two lovely chaps, Daniel and David. The fair one we all knew as Miss Reagan alias Mrs. Wesley Norton—and now the unraveling of her past. The end of the first year after graduation we find her accepting a position as school nurse, which position she capably maintained until said Romeo came along. The lovely twins, Danny and Davy, both testify staunchly that their mother is the best nurse in the world and their daddy is the very best lawyer ever.

Away—away again. I must be away. The Spirit frowns when I tarry too long for she fears I will arouse from my reverie and disturb the characters of my dream picture. We sped swiftly on to Toledo. My curiosity was well nigh insatiable to know the object of our visit. I had not long to wait, for strolling on Toledo Beach I encountered a merry crowd happily enjoying the art of dancing. One striking figure in their midst particularly attracting my attention, I tarried, and to my astonishment I found it to be Miss Flora, alias Mrs. Nelson Carter, pretty and carefree as she had always been. From her bits of excited talk I soon gleaned that Dan Cupid took care of her future soon after graduation; in the meantime, however, she assisted a prominent Toledo physician in his rounds of office duties. After an extremely pleasurable evening I left 'mid many requests to return.

Again I follow the kind Spirit—this time she leads me to the metropolis, New York City. 'Tis teeming with life, everything about us. Soon after our arrival the desire of viewing the harbor and Statue of Liberty overtook me—and forthwith my desire was fulfilled. Just as we arrived the passengers from the steamer Columbia are alighting; in the surging crowd I thought I espied a familiar figure, her French gown and enormous hat reminded me immediately of

some one I knew long ago—now I knew it was Miss Disbrow. She was just returning from Paris and judging from the parcels, hat boxes, suit cases, etc., Catherine is not going to want for anything to wear for some time at least. Her dreams while still in training of keeping a bird shop had so engrossed her mind that now I find she is actually realizing her "pet ambition" in the cunning little bird shop on West Twenty-fifth street. The place is very pretty and it is not unusual to hear her join the feathery songsters in their glad refrain. Of course we had a delightful lunch, for to know Catherine was to live and eat.

Ah, but I have tarried long this time. Our trans-continental flight showed me many wonders of our own land; we arrived at Los Angeles, and being the month of May, evening devotions were in session in honor of our Lady. Attendance at these devotions one evening in a Spanish old-world chapel was a source of much joy to me. For it was here that I encountered Miss Ley. Needless to say we were both very happily surprised. After a delightful stroll we arrived at her place, a very, very pretty one, with loads of trees and flowers all about it. Not a word did she disclose about her activities and every time I broached the subject she deftly turned the conversation into other channels. The following day, however, my curiosity was satiated. Having arrived at the large hospital conducted by the Foreign Missionary Sisters, I was greeted by Sister M. Angela, who lost no time in telling me all that Miss Ley so cleverly tried to evade. Here I found her a few minutes later as the competent supervisor of the Children's Department. Surrounded by an eager band of Japanese and Chinese children in their quaint garbs, she was successfully instilling the rudiments of hygienic living in their youthful hearts and minds.

Again au revoir—and I was off ,this time via a different route we sped on and on. Imagine my surprise when I found our destination to be Fort Wayne, place of memories and hopes. Going down Calhoun street I encountered a number of friends, who informed me of the fact that Miss Hohman had the previous year accepted a position at the General Electric. At a very early date a personal interview ensued between Miss Hohman and myself. She was enthused about her work and judging from the many compliments I knew she must be very capably assisting Dr. Jones in his manifold duties Not until the last day of our delightful parley did she utter a syllable about the "diamond." Then a confused "Yes, it's true; will you be there? June 15th." After heaps of congratulations we were off again. What joy attended our last quest for the object of our search was my pal whom you will remember as the smiling Miss Scheiber, alias Mrs. Jack Parker. It was at the International Auto Races at Indianapolis that I met her and her handsome escort, Mr. Parker himself. Oh the joy at meeting and the loads and loads to talk about! It was imperative that I accompany them and ere long I knew that more reasons than one constituted the motive. The colonial home with its specious grounds was one—but the best was reserved until last. A few minutes later I was ushered into one of the prettiest nurseries I had ever seen, and here what do you suppose I found? To be sure the little chap said "I am John Thomas, and I'm six years old," and pointing to his baby sister, "and that is Mary Ann, and she's three." Words are inadequate to express the joys of my sojourn with these Pals o' Mine.

Again we were off, this time our destination took us to the Queen City, Cleveland. There I found myself one of a large number of post-gradautes, gleaning the secrets of anaesthesia as promulgated by Dr. Criles. Ah, what an interesting field I found this! This gracious Spirit rendered me extremely happy in telling me of an tour of the Orient which I was to participate in, immediately after the completion of my course.

A moment more and I found myself alone, amid the beauties of God's lovely creation, and lo, my vision had vanished.

So you see, dear friends and classmates, 'twas nothing but a reevrie.

But in this world of wonders,
Dreams have ofttimes come true;
So who knows but this, my vision,
May be realized by us, too.

—H. M. S.

Socials

The first party was on Hallowe'en night, 1920, in the Nurses' Home. The costumes furnished much of the amusement, and the evening was spent in dancing, games and music.

In November a dance and card party were given in behalf of the staff doctors and nurses at the Wolf & Dessauer Auditorium.

So successful were the parties that another was planned on Christmas Eve, 1920, The basement of our home was decorated artistically and the whole presented a fantastic scene. And the "lunch" was the best of all, Santa making his appearance through the chimney.

In the afternoon of May, 1921, our first banquet for the first Graduating Class from our school was given by the Sisters. Table and class room were beautifully decorated in class and school colors, school colors being Gold and Purple and their colors were Yellow and White. More and more did this bring the thoughts of 1923, when we should be the partakers of such an event.

February 14th, 1921, Valentine evening, everybody came masked to the Nurses' Home, which was marked with Valentine decorations. The evening was spent in playing "dice" and various other games were enjoyed. Later the mail man presented each with a Valentine, after which we all proceeded to the dining room, where the hostesses had placed a delicious lunch which again was relished immensely, for we never failed to miss goodies.

As to entertaining the Seniors of 1922, we succeeded in occupying one of their busy evenings in May shortly before Graduation Day. We spent the evening at the Jefferson, after which we had a delightful supper at "Harry's Place."

Our next party was in the class room, when we surprised Miss Pahl with a "Farewell," Miss Pahl leaving us within a few weeks for the Convent Ancilli Domini. Again the evening was enjoyed immensely with various games, dancing and music by Miss Pahl as well as the rest of us, and later the refreshments were served.

At last Mrs. Hummell-Mendenhall announced to us her marriage to the young doctor, and we in turn badly surprised her with a shower given at the Nurses' Home by the Alumnae and the entire school. Many beautiful and useful gifts were presented to her.

Though unable to spend Christmas at home, the spirit of Christmas never lacked, due to the thoughtfulness of the kind Sisters. Our Dining Room with all its hollies, ribbons, favors, etc., never failed to have the tree in one corner and Santa in the coming through the chimney with his bag full of goodies. This year he made his appearance in the parlor of the Nurses' Home, where all received their gifts besides loads of candy, nuts and fruit.

—H. H.

INTERMEDIATES, 1924

From the Closing Lecture to the Senior Class of '23

DR. MAURICE ROSENTHAL

You, of the Class of 1923, are about to go out into the world—some of you to pursue further and more special studies, some of you to take up the severe responsibilities of your profession as bedside Nurses.

At the close of this, your last semester, I may congratulate the class on your attitude as students and compliment you in that you have shown a constant ambition to become competent and trustworthy Nurses.

And now, that you have applied yourselves through these years of hard and diligent study and practice, and have finally been rewarded with the attainment of your diplomas, I may congratulate you on the choice of your vocation and profession.

The practice of medicine has been defined as the scientific application of scientific discovery to the prevention and cure of disease. To the end that the full measure of the benefit of science be secured to the sick, th Nurse educated in these sciences bcomes a fixed necessity. More and more has medicine and surgery come to depend upon the Nurse for certain details vitally essential in the cure and treatment of the sick. It is true, that war has done much to develop your profession as well as demonstrate its necessity, yet our modern civilization and our modern demand for the well-being of people has developed a place for the nurse equally as important in civil as in military life. As community workers, as technicians in the laboratory, as teachers, as hospital superintendents, as factory nurses and as bedside nurses, there lies open to you the opportunity to a life of service that could hardly be offered by any other calling.

I congratulate you on the selection of your Alma Mater. During your student years you have been constantly in contact with the Sisters of the Poor Handmaids of Jesus Christ, an order of nursing Sisters who have a long and well established reputation for their ability in hospital management and nursing. They have been among your teachers in the laboratory, in scientific and in practical nursing. Their fine example of great personal interest in the welfare of their patients will always remain with you. You have seen how service, not hours, constitute the measure of faithfulness to those who require your care.

The high plane which your calling should maintain will depend much upon the attitude of its new members. In your organizations and as individuals the wholesome example of your teachers will always remind you that you should hold your services within the reach of those who are not wealthy.

I can see you going out among the people doing only good and reaching a high position as members of a profession than which none is more noble.

JUNIORS, 1923

OPERATING ROOM

Progress

The class of 1923 is in many respects a notable one, and I am certain that it will add credit and distinction to the St. Joseph's Hospital Training School for Nurses. I trust that the members of this class will feel obligated to take an active interest in the problem of educating the trained nurse.

The trained nurse is a member of one of the "Learned Professions"—she belongs to what Moynihan has so aptly styled "The Most Gentle Profession." In the modern treatment of both medical and surgical diseases the trained nurse is emphatically a necessity and not a luxury. There is more than a modicum o ftruth in Mr. Dooley's sage remark that "if the Christian Scientists had a little more science and the doctors more Christianity it wouldn't make much difference which you called in—provided you have a good nurse."

The trained nurse has spent three years of twelve months each in intensive training—she spends the same amount of time in training as does the physician who takes a course of four years of nine months each. It is a matter of very vital importance to the nursing profession that no part of these precious years of training be wasted. Nurses who are interested in their profession should not permit a State Board to develop an ossified curriculum. Other learned professions have at times been cursed by the idea that their curricula must follow a set course and not admit of any modification or improvement. There never was a course of professional training that could not be improved by reforms. Witness the perennial changes in the curricula of our medical schools!

The need for reform in the methods now in vogue for the training of nurses is particularly clear in my mind at this time because the Indiana State Board of Registration and Examination of Nurses recently indicated its complete innocence of any intention of deviating from its established curriculum. The General Electric Company invited St. Joseph's Hospital to send members of the Senior class into its dispensaries for short pariods of duty and training in Industrial Nursing. The Sisters welcomed the invitation but the State Board vetoed the plan because it did not correspond with its regulations. I insist that this action was most unfortunate and it can not be construed as being for the best interests of the student nurses.

I am by no means in accord with the idea of Dr. Charles H. Mayo, that 'the course of training should be two years with post-graduate study for the third year, which should be optional, and it should be possible to take it at any time desired." I am opposed to any plan which might lower the nursing standards in this country. We must recognize, of course, that Nursing, like Medicine, has developed various special branches—no student can make a decent choice of a specialty unless she is somewhat familiar with its work. I believe that an effort should be made to give the student nurse, in her senior year, a working knowledge of the different nursing specialties. She should spend some time in an industrial dispensary; she should have a tour of duty with the visiting and school nurses; she should work under the nurse in charge of venereal clinic and should acquire a first hand knowledge of public health nursing. It is worthy of note, in this connection, that our student nurses are now being given special training in a tuberculosis sanitarium.

I have often noticed that in the final year of training many students find their work growing monotonous and they start counting the days until they are finished. It is quite possible that much of this monotony would be avoided by some such plan as the one which I am trying to outline.

H. O. Bruggeman, M. D.

RECORD DEPARTMENT

Nursing Aphorisms

By Dr. Miles F. Porter

Nursing is a splendid profession, a great art, but a bad business. Fixed hours for work, stipulated wages, rigid rules as to the kind of service to be rendered, are incompatable with the spirit of art. An atmosphere surcharged with such matter may be adequate for sustaining a trade but is inhibitory if not fatal to the high ideals necessary to the life and development of the arts and professions. The real nurse gets a large part of her remuneration out of that satisfaction that comes from service. And one who does not value highly this sort of recompense is unfit by nature for nursing. To be sure "the laborer is worthy of his hire" but equally sure is it that the really good "laborer" in the vineyard of nursing spends but little of her time and energy worrying because of fear lest she lose it.

Sympathy and smiles are as necessary in the treatment of the sick as are sunshine and sedatives.

"A soft answer turneth away wrath" no more surely than it turns away many of the troubles of the patient, troubles that are real obstacles ofttimes on the road to recovery. A deft hand is required in the dressing of wounds but if the hand be directed by a sour heart damage will be done. The milk of human kindness is a stimulant and sedative that the sick-room constantly requires. Nature's sunshine is often obscured but the sun in the nurse's face should shine through all perplexities. Don't allow your face to contradict you when you tell the patient he is doing well. Better beg alms in the street than sympathy from a sick man. Whispering in company is bad form—in the sick room it may be a crime. A clouded countenance is as disturbing as a clumsy foot.

Careful, close watching properly conducted, creates confidence in the patient, but furtive watching fosters fear—the penalty for spying in war is death and not infrequently spying in the sick room entails the same penalty, but the wrong fellow pays it. Better a nurse of scant knowledge prompted by love of humanity than one of great learning whose chief interest is in the patient's pocket rather than his pathology.

A heavy foot is no indication of a massive brain.

The chief aim of the worthy nurse is to:

"Pay the debt of love she owes to all mankind, both rich and poor
Serve God what ere betide
Love, Faith and Hope her guide,
And Heaven her sure reward."

"Service to Others"

"Nurse"—You may say it with professional dignity, but do you realize its full face value? Did you ever take that *word* and measure it? I do not mean with a tape-line and scale, but merely look at it from all points of view!

Did you ever compare it with a diamond? Oh! I see you shrug your shoulders! You don't believe it could be possible. But now we shall travel over the flights of fancy to the world of the real light of a "nurse." There in the fairy foreland of a life of one, who is always doing for others. We shall pause for a few moments. You say, she is being well paid! Can all the money in the universe cause you to cut your life ten, twenty, probably twenty-five years shorter? Yet she is doing that very thing! Money! How could you compare it to Life? A Human Life? How about the parched lips she cools, and as death is grasping hold of one hand, calmly she stands by, holding the other, as if to draw back to this world the life in question.

How about the many things she does she is not required to do? I say not required to do! Yet she does them over and over again, all because she realizes the importance of her position of "Service to Others."

Let us in imagination gather around the diamond. Do you see from one angle the rays of yellow light it casts out—from another angle a blueish ray—at another angle a ray of pure white? So also is the life of a "Nurse" able to cast out her lights of different shades. One is a representation of a word spoken in gentle voice, another a soul she helped to save, and so on, each representing its true faithfulness of service to others.

Then you can still say, she is not a diamond set in a beautiful Tiffany setting of life, engraved by the lives entrusted to her hands?

In the future when thinking of a nurse, think with reverence as it were, in honorable behalf of a life given in "Service to Others."

SISTER M. ODILO.

THINGS TO FORGET

If you should see a tall fellow ahead of a crowd,
A leader of men, marching fearless and proud,
And you know of a tale whose mere telling aloud
Would cause his proud head to be shamefully bowed,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a skeleton hidden away
In a closet, and guarded, and kept from the day
In the dark, and whose showing, whose sudden display,
Would cause grief and sharp sorrow and life-long dismay,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a thing that will darken the joy
Of a man or a woman, a girl or a boy,
That will wipe out a smile, or the least way annoy
A fellow, or cause any gladness to cloy,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

DEMONSTRATION ROOM

OTHERS

Lord, help me to live from day to day
In such a self-forgetful way,
That even when I kneel to pray
My prayer shall be for "Others."

Help me in all the work I do,
Ever to be sincere and true,
And know that all I do for you
Must needs be done for "Others."

Let self be crucified and slain
And buried deep; and all inn vain;
May efforts be to rise again
Unless to live for "Others."

And when my work on earth is done,
And my new work in Heaven's begun,
May I forget the crown I've won
While thinking still of "Others."

"Others," Lord, yes "Others,"
Let this my motto be,
Help me to live for "Others"
That I may live for "Thee."

L—Lady at all times, in all places, to all humanity.
O—Obedience under all trials and difficulties.
Y—Yearning to give aid to God's stricken ones.
A—Alertness in the performance of her duties.
L—Labor until the given task is accomplished.
T—Tact in dealing with professional men, patients and fellow students.
Y—Yielding to the teachings of the institution.

LOTTERY

If it's heads, we go to bed.
If its tails we stay up.
If its stands on an edge, we study.

Absence makes the heart grow fonder,
As all the people say;
That is why we love our instructors best
On the days they stay away.

The House Good Nurses Build

I like to think of the nursing Sisters' work as a beautiful edifice, the foundation of which is hard work.

One of Dr. Osler's finest essays is called the "Master Word." This "Master Word" is the key not only to the mysteries and beauties of the past ages but opens up to those who possess it, all the glorious outlooks of the future, as well as making the present happy and contented. The master word is Work. Very properly then, it forms the foundation of this edifice.

The walls of this edifice are built of brains, character and culture. It is hard to conceive of a truly good nurse who has not good brains. It is necessary, of course, to be a genius, unless we take for the definition of genius ,that given by somebody as being nine-tenths hard work and attention to detail. Nevertheless, the truly efficient nurse must have enough gray matter to master the details of what is after all in its humblest sphere a great calling.

The good nurse, too, must have culture. Not necessarily that sort acquired at a finishing school, or supposed to attach to an academic degree, but she must have innate refinement, a sensitive, sympathetic nature and an appreciation of the properties of good society and social good breeding.

More necessary than brains or culture, is character. By this we mean ability to see straight and act honestly; to meet situations as they arise without either cowardice of prevarication.

The door of this edifice is opportunity. As the profession of nursing has developed into so many diversified fields, the opportunities for a trained nurse have become enormous, and it is for her to avail herself in full measure of these opportunities to fill her place in the social economy, whether it be n hospital, home or other of the various fields where the trained nurse is now giving such splendid service.

The windows of this edifice, let us call obligation, because with the great opportunities open to the trained nurse, goes the obligation of giving all her intelligence and energy to the carrying out of the opportunities given her.

Let us call the furniture of this edifice, service, and if the nurse be true to herself, the house will surely be well furnished, for everywhere and every day there is presented to the conscientious, intellignt nurse avenues of service that she must not evade.

The roof to such an edfiice is naturally accomplishment. Our figures of speech may be neither apt nor happy, but if we have succeeded in conveying to our hospital Sisters and their nurses in training, some idea of what we conceive to be the high calling of a well-trained, conscientious, forward-looking nurse, we are content.—E. E.—Hospital Progress.

X-RAY APPARATUS

A Modern Fable

In Bagdad in ancient times, there lived and oracle, Hakim by name, whose wisdom was known throughout Bagdad and the surrounding country.

Merchants, traders and travelers came to Hakim to ask his opinion on various problems of their business and daily life.

Hakim almost invariably told the seeker:

"CONSIDER WELL THE PRICELESS INGREDIENT IN EVERY ARTICLE."

And it was not long, before this saying of Hakim became a byword in Bagdad.

One day a young merchant came to Hakim for enlightenment on a large transaction. To all his queries, Hakim responded with his favorite saying: "CONSIDER WELL THE PRICELESS INGREDIENT IN EVERY ARTICLE."

But the young man persisted: "WHAT IS THE PRICELESS INGREDIENT IN EVERY ARTICLE?"

Then it was that Hakim explained: "THE PRICELESS INGREDIENT IN EVERY ARTICLE IS THE HONOR, INTEGRITY AND SINCERITY OF THE MEN WHO SELL AND GUARANTEE GOODS TO YOU."

"CONSIDER WELL THE PRICELESS INGREDIENT IN EVERY ARTICLE."

All works of taste must bear a price in proportion to the skill, taste, time, expense and risk attending their invention and manufatcure.

Those things called dear are, when justly estimated, the cheapest. They are attended with much less profit to the artist than those which everybody calls cheap.

Beautiful forms and compositions are not made by chance, or can they ever, in any apparatus, be made at small expense.

A composition for cheapness, and not for excellence of workmanship, is the most frequent and certain cause of the rapid decay and entire destruction of arts and manufacturers.

"THE PRICELESS INGREDIENT OF EVERY ARTICLE IS THE HONOR, INTEGRITY AND SINCERITY OF THE MEN WHO SELL AND GUARANTEE GOODS TO YOU."

These distributors of X-Ray apparatus in your territory have and give with every installation of X-Ray equipment, large or small, "THE PRICELESS INGREDIENT."

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Broadway Bank Bldg.,
FORT WAYNE, IND.

EMERGENCY ROOM

DISAGREEABLE PROSPECTS

There were three patients in the little surgical ward. The man in the second bed had been brought back from the operating table and when he found himself safe again in bed he exclaimed:

"Thank God this business is now over; no more operations for me."

"You are not so sure of that," said his neighbor in the first bed. "I said so, too, after my operation but I needed a second one; and what did they find in my abdomen? A forcept which the doctor has forgotten to take away."

"Yes," said the man in the third bed, "I, too, had to be cut open a second time and they found a big sponge which they had left in me after the operation."

Just then the door of the little ward opened half way, the surgeon who had performed the operation put in his head, looked around the room and asked: "Did any of the gentlemen perhaps see my hat?"

Then the patient in the second bed fainted.

ROSENTHAL, DR. M. I.	Office and Residence	336 W. Berry St.	Main	237
BRUGGEMAN, DR. H. O.	Office	346 Utility Building	Main	349
BRUGGEMAN, DR. H. O.	Residence	714 Fairfield Ave.	Main	3071
BERGHOFF, DR. RAYMOND J.	Office	227 E. Washington Blvd.	Main	4546
BERGHOFF, DR. RAYMOND J.	Residence	327 E. Jefferson St.	Main	476
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GILPIN, DR. JOHN H.	Office	234 Utility Building	Main	1080
JOHNSTON, DR. D. D.	Office	624 Calhoun St.	Main	308
JOHNSTON, DR. D. D.	Residence	2202 Alabama Ave.	Main	4590
KANE, DR. A. L.	Office and Residence	235 W. Wayne St.	Main	458
LILL, DR. JOSEPH C.	Office	2102 Hanna St.	South	6349
LILL, DR. JOSEPH C.	Residence	2223 Lafayette St.	South	8116
LOHMAN, DR. MAURICE R.	Office	336 W. Berry St.	Main	237
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MCARDLE, DR. J. E.	Residence	2205 S. Calhoun St.	South	6183
MENDENHALL, DR. EDGAR	Office	231 Medical Arts Bldg.	Main	1129
MENDENHALL, DR. EDGAR	Residence	232 Cornell Circle	South	8321
PORTER, DR. MILES F.	Office	Carroll Building	Main	2
			Main	54
PORTER, DR. MILES F.	Residence	2236 Fairfield Ave.	South	6438
PORTER, DR. MILES F., JR.	Office	Carroll Building	Main	2
			Main	54
PORTER, DR. MILES F., JR.	Residence	827 W. Wayne St.	Main	536
RAWLES, DR. LYMAN T.	Office	306 Medical Arts Bldg.	Main	175
RAWLES, DR. LYMAN T.	Residence	3131 Fairfield Ave.	South	7914
RAHMY, DR. B. W.	Office	327 W. Berry St.	Main	896
RAHMY, DR. B. W.	Residence	1115 Garden St.	Main	2322
RICE, DR. W. B.	Office	1101 Pontiac St.	South	7182
RICE, DR. W. B.	Residence	914 Kinnaird Ave.	South	8681
ROTHSCHILD, DR. CHAS. J.	Office	338-343 Utility Bldg.	Main	831
ROTHSCHILD, DR. CHAS. J.	Residence	516 W. Washington Blvd.	Main	1243
TITUS, DR. PHILLIP S.	Office	311 Central Bldg.	Main	3675
TITUS, DR. PHILLIP S.	Residence	1611 Florida Drive	Main	4532
VAN BUSKIRK, DR. E. M.	Office	11-12 Lau Block	Main	44
VAN BUSKIRK, DR. E. M.	Residence	1853 Broadway	South	6232
WEAVER, DR. B. P.	Office	Carroll Building	Main	2
			Main	54
WEAVER, DR. B. P.	Residence	1104 W. Wayne St.	Main	130
GLOCK, DR. H. E.	Office	405-5 Noll Building	Main	2940
GLOCK, DR. H. E.	Residence	1015 Lake Ave.	Main	938
BULSON, DR. ALBERT, JR.	Office	406 W. Berry St.	Main	5868
CAMERON, DR. D. F.	Office	222-223 Medical Arts	Main	1460
CAMERON, DR. D. F.	Residence	2724 N. Clinton St.	Main	4713-J
RAY, DR. HEBRERT A.	Office	310 Medical Arts Bldg.	Main	4517
RAY, DR. HEBRERT A.	Residence	325 E. Creighton Ave.	South	7232
SINGER, DR. ELMER C.	Office	332 Medical Arts Bldg.	Main	1460
SINGER, DR. ELMER C.	Residence	1801 Lafayette St.	South	9080
BULSON, DR. EUGENE	Office and Residence	406 W. Berry St.	Main	5868
ROSENTHAL, DR. J. M.	Office	338-343 Utility Bldg.	Main	1387
ROSENTHAL, DR. J. M.	Residence	338 W. Berry St.	Main	1407
BELL, DR. J. S.	Residence	St. Joseph's Hospital	Main	35

IF NO ANSWER TO CALL MAIN 6015

THE LABORATORY

A TRAGEDY

A gay bacillus to gain him glory,
Once gave a ball in a laboratory;
The fete took place on a covered glass,
Where vulgar germs could not harass.
None but the cultured were invited
(For microbe cliques are well united).
And tightly closed the ball-room doors
To all the germs containing spores.
The Staphlococci first arrived—
To stand in groups they all contrived.
The Streptococci took great pains
To seat themselves in graceful chains,
While some came late, and two by two,
The Diplococci came in view.
The Pneumococci, stern and haughty,
Declared the Gonnococci naughty,
And would not care to stay at all
If they were present at the ball.
The ball began, the mirth ran high,
With not one thought of danger nigh;
Each germ enjoyed himself that night,
With never a fear of the Phagocyte.
'Twas getting late and some were loaded
When a jar of formalin exploded
And drenched the happy dancing mass
Who swarmed the fatal covered glass;
Not one survived, but perished all,
At this bacteriologic ball.

CHEMICAL AFFINITIES

It has been found by experiment that when potassium (K. I.) unites with two molecules of sulphur (S.) under pressure, K. I. unites with 2S to form Kiss.

No violent explosion takes place, although there is a slight sound not unlike a slow fizzle. It is quite essential that this experiment be performed in a dim light.

A STUDY OF COLORS

Oh rod of red, in a field of blue,
I've searched and searched for you.
You're lurking near, you're there, but why
Don't you take my beautiful Carbol Fuchsin dye?

I've splashed my uniform so white,
I've examined you in every light,
I've forgotten to eat, sleep or pray
And still you elude me and keep away.

We're here, cry the symptoms and the M. D., too,
And so I must search and search and search for you.
Oh rod of red in a field of blue,
I've longed for and forgotten all else but you.

Two hours of labor; twenty slides of glass,
But Mister T. B., I've got you at last.
And Oh, it's a grand and glorious feeling to write
"Sputum Positive for T. B.—Good Night."

JOYS OF TRAINING DAYS AT ST. JOSEPH'S

In the Spring of nineteen-twenty,
Nearly three long years ago,
I gave up my social life and freedom
For St. Joseph's training, as you know.

Now that our training days will soon be over
And from this imprisonment we shall part,
May I just recall the old days
To keep their memory close to your heart?

For three long months I wore it,
That striped gown, too big and long,
And as a Probationer always feels,
I was sure I'd do something wrong.

At the sight of a stern doctor
I wanted to hide or run;
A dressing tray handed to me
Was worse than a pointed gun.

When the doctors gave their orders
I was too scared to speak;
They choked me with technical terms
Which was just like speaking Greek.

But little by little,
Week after week,
I began to comprehend
The Doctor's technique.

When the three months had ended,
And they said "You'll pass,"
I felt I had a right to talk
Even in the Doctor's class.

Often when in class I was asked
Something I could not tell;
I used our pet phrase, "I don't know, Doctor,"
And he sighed "Very well." (No hopes.)

I learned to live by schedule,
Rise at six, eat and pray,
Study, work and smile,
Do my duty, night and day.

Night Duty. . . . how I loved?????
Greeting the Old Bird was such a joy,
Two or three times a night
He delivered a girl or boy.

Then came the pins and bottles,
For the young babes, so dear;
How I longed for a vacation
That would last a whole year.

But no such luck in this life,
They thought two weeks would do,
To rest, revive, have some dates,
And come back with vigor new.

Then came the second year,
How hard I had to work;
But I just kept grinding
"Semper Paratum" I could not shirk.

Of course I tried to do my best;
But taking others' blame
Is not as easy as it sounds,
Yet it seems to be in the Nurse's game.

How I longed for the Surgery,
The most interesting of all;
And in the laboratory, study
The bugs, both big and small.

Oh, those days will soon be over,
And I can have late 'Pers' every night;
Stay up till twelve, sew or chat,
And need not turn out the light.

I'll have parties very often,
Never read a SILENCE sign;
Take vacation when I need it,
Because the schedule will be mine.

I'll try to choose a patient kind,
But if he proves to be real cross,
I'll tell him I'm a graduate nurse
And while I stay I will be boss.

Oh, these are only happy thoughts
For you, my dear Class-mates,
To give you hope, sustain you till
In May we graduate.

—M. C. B.

The world looks brighter from behind a smile.

The strength of criticism lies only in the weakness of the thing criticised.—*Longfellow.*

CLASS ROOM

If you sit down at set of sun
And count the acts that you have done,
And, counting, find
One self-denying deed, one word
That eased the heart of him who heard
One glance most kind,
That fell like sunshine where it went,
Then you may count that day well spent.

But if, through all the lifelong day,
You've cheered not heart, by yea or nay—
If through it all
You've cheered no heart, by yea or nay—
That brought the sunshine to one face—
No act most small
That helped some soul and nothing cost,
Then count that day as worse than lost.

DEFINITIONS

Note Books—Probies' worry and Seniors' blessing.

Appetite—The largest part of a probationer.

Juniors—Raw material from which Seniors are made.

Light—The only thing which is allowed out after 9:30 P. M.

Interne—A piece of statuary who makes himself conspicuous by his absence when needed and his presence when not needed.

Coma—Night duty between 2:00 and 4:00 A. M.

Appendicitis—Going into a man's stomach after his pocketbook.

McBurney's Point—The rendezvous for surgeons.

Costal Cartilage—The beginning of trouble. (Eve.)

Desquamation—First attempts at massage.

Nursing—Species of hard luck; kind of mania resulting from misdirected ambition.

Nurse—An object on whom the Sisters may exercise the right of free speech; Syn:—serf; slave; (to a pretty sick patient) angel, seraphim.

Probationer—Young woman of excellent qualities and highest ideals, but in the first stages of misunderstanding.

Graduate Nurse—Person of queenly manner, bored expression and high importance; goal of unutterable ambition; end of a perfect day.

Temperature—Forebodings of the life to come; excuse to awaken patients before daylight and provide company for the night nurses.

Training—A three year succession of bed spreads, hot air and scolding; see Slaver; Syn:—fortitude; patience; long suffering.

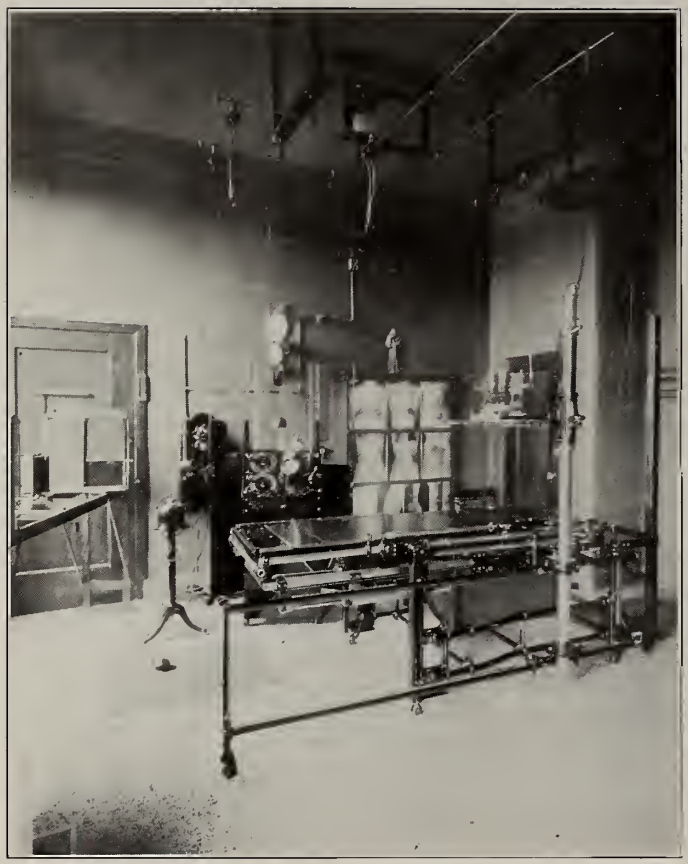
Wrinkle—An occasional innocent mishap occurring in bed spreads which result in dire calamity to the nearest student nurse.

Graduation—The end of existence; the beginning of life; the life dream of a courageous heart; the happy terminus of a long tedious journey where the trials of the past are forgotten in the unfolding joys of the future.

Night Duty—State of affairs in which the nurses sleep well and the patients are restless.

THE TEACHERS LEARNING SOMETHING

1. What would you do in case of shock?
   Ans.: I would give a hypodermic of Phenol.
2. What canal is found in long bones?
   Ans.: Alimentary canal.
3. What is rotation?
   Ans.: One after the other.
4. What would be proper food for a patient having pernicious vomiting?
   Ans.: Salted peanuts.
5. Define calories.
   A calorie is the amount of heat which raises four buckets of water to 112° F.
6. Locate the Gluteus muscle.
   The gluteus muscle is in the back of the head. Exam. in red ink (Not mine.)
7. Locate the linea alba.
   The linea alba is in the back.
8. Locate the foramen magnum.
   It is in the pelvis. Examiner in red ink, "Since when?"
9. Describe the hip joint.
   The hip joint is a temporary movable joint, and later in life it ossifies.
10. Doctor—"Where is the sternum?"
    Miss—"I don't know how to express it, but I'm sitting on it."



THE X-RAY ROOM

DO YOU KNOW?

Where can a man buy a cap for his knee,
Or a key for the lock of his hair?
Can his eyes be called an academy
Because there are pupils there?
In the crown of your head what jewels are found?
Who travels the bridge of your nose?
Can you sit in the shade of the palm of your hand,
Or beat on the drum of your ear?
Can the calf of your leg eat the corn on your toe?
Then why not grow corn on the ear.
Can the crook in your elbow be sent to jail?
If so, what did he do?
How can you sharpen your shoulder blade?
I'll be durned if I know, do you?

SAYINGS

Dr. Kane (to pupil)—If I told you to give a dose of croton oil to a patient, how much would you give?
Miss .....—I don't know Doctor, but I think I would give him a dram.
Dr. Kane—Your patient is dead.

Sister M. Beatrice—After a strenuous period in dietetics, advised the class to read up in Pattees.
Miss ..... (some hours later)—Say, who is this Patty Sister Beatrice is always talking about anyway?

Dr. Porter, Jr. (nervous and mental)—What is perception?
Miss .....—Perception is that which, ah— — —
Dr. Porter, Jr.—? ? ? ! ! : : ! ! : : ! ! ! ? ?

Dr. Berghoff—Where is Phil Titus? I'll bet he went fishing again.
Dr. Rothschild—We'll just have to take our time, we can't hurry this.
Dr. McArdle—Have you got a pencil?
Dr. Porter, Sr. (Surgeon)—Now what are you doing? Come, use your hands.
Dr. Drayer—We used to say in the army, "As you were."
Dr. Eberly—"When I was in France."
Dr. Bolman—I wouldn't have said that if I were you.
Dr. Rosenthal—It looks like a picture in a book.
Dr. Bruggeman—Is there any soda in this water?
Dr. B. (trying to anesthetize a patient)—Nurse, go get me a soft hammer.
Poor Nurse—Did she go? Well she started, looking rather wild.
Dr. Glock—A little more traction on that tongue depressor.
Dr. Gilpin—Please phone for my car.
Dr. Van Buskirk—Keep your eye on that radium.
Dr. Mendenhall—Give me Squibs.

GOOD NIGHT

He was a young subaltern; he'd been wounded in the arm,
Not enough for amputation or for serious alarm;
But he showed some septic symptoms when the doctor, on his round,
Stopped for a last inspection, as the Nurse dressed the wound.

Now the Nurse was to leave him for the night, as Nurses do,
And she asked him, "Is there any other thing that I can do?"
"One thing only," said the soldier, "In this sad and mournful plight
I should like it very much if you would please kiss me good-night."

The Nurse was a beauty, and she was quick-witted, too,
And a smile stole o'er her features and in her eyes of blue,
As she rustled to the door her voice came calm and clear,
"I'll call the Orderly," she said, "he does the rough work here."

Bluff and the school bluffs with you;
Study and you study alone.

THE BLUE AND GOLD

We have selected only those enduring shades that have gleamed through the ages in the rainbow of promise, for we wanted our colors to endure in just such glorious promise through the ages of success that are to be ours. We chose the blue of truth for our foundation, the blue of the sky and the sea and of all eternal things, that are as true and as high as the heavens and as deep and unresting as the ocean. With the blue we blend the good with its honest and sterling worth, the color of the sunshine and the symbol of all glory.

What grander colors could we hope to attach to our banner as we march forth into the crowded thoroughfares to perform our mission, *"Propter Humanitatem"?*

THE BRIGHT SIDE

There is many a rest in the road of life
If we would stop to take it;
And many a tuné from the better land,
If the querulous heart would wake it.
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
And whose heartiful trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
Though the wintry wind prevaileth.

Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted;
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through
When the ominous clouds are rifted.
There was never a night without a day,
Or an evening without a morning,
And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And to do God's will with a ready heart,
And hands that are swift and willing,
Than to snap the delicate, slender threads
Of our curious lives asunder,
And then blame heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit and grieve, and wonder.

LEST WE FORGET OUR TRAINING DAYS

Although we've had arguments
And disturbances galore,
Remember that they're over,
And will never annoy us more;
Although we've had disappointments
And unnecessary strife,
Remember! they be buried,
Never more to come to life.

TACT—The art of making folks 'round you think they amount to something.

PROPTER HUMANITATEM

Propter Humanitatem;
Our life-work's aim we sing,
St. Joseph, our defender,
In the service we would bring.
Propter Humanitatem:
Our motto, we proclaim;
May honor and all merit,
Its message for proclaim.

The golden glow of sunrise,
With night's deep purple shade,
Off setting light and darkness
In the contrast thereby made;
These colors lead us onward—
The dusk to tone the glare,
The gold to light the shadows--
The two, in dark and fair.

Yes, Propter Humanitatem,
The Purple and the Gold—
The future stands before us,
With its story yet untold;
But Propter Humanitatem
Shall win us God's sweet praise,
And the golden-purple banner,
Shall guide us o'er rough ways.

Life is a mirror for king and for slave,
'Tis just what you are and do;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.
—*Madaline Bridges.*

National Hospital Day

The growing custom of observing Hospital Day in commemoration of the birth of Florence Nightingale, has been a valuable factor in focusing attention upon the service of the hospital and upon nursing as a very important and noble profession for women. Florence Nightingale was born in the beautiful city of Florence, Italy, in 1820. She is considered the founder of modern nursing. She died August 13, 1910, at the age of ninety-one years.

If we would connect her life with our own American history, we would find that she was born during the administration of James Monroe and lived through the entire administrations of twenty succeeding Presidents, and her memory is now cherished in the hearts of the American people as one of the great heroines of the race.

She was actively engaged in hospital work and observed nursing in several countries for more than fifty-five years; she was an invalid, often confined to her bed, and yet always working for the good of humanity. In the sick room, in the hospital, she had no time to waste; she wrote many books which may be read with the keenest interest.

The hospital may be well termed "Health Center" of the community and therefore because of health's obvious importance to success and happiness, should have a first place in the interests of the public:—the more the citizens of a community learn about the functioning, the highly beneficial work and the deeds of charity of the hospital, the greater will be their appreciation and their willingness to support it as an institution of fundamental importance to the common welfare—a public asset that is invaluable.

Hence May 12th has been set apart, when the doors of the hospital are thrown open to the public for observation and inspection.

—C. Z.

THE CHAPEL

"DO YOUR BIT"

If any little word of mine
May make a life the brighter,
If any little song of mine
May make a heart the lighter—
God help me speak the little word
And take my bit of singing
And drop it in some lonely vale
To set the echoes ringing!

NURSES' DINING ROOM

LIFE'S SUPREME TEST

It is easy enough to be pleasant
When life flows like a song;
But the nurse worth while is the one who will smile
When everything goes wrong.
For the test of the heart is trouble,
And it always comes with years;
And the smile that is worth the praises of earth
Is the smile that smiles through tears.

Graduation Day

Graduation Day—it hardly seems possible! Three years ago we were just starting out on our journey to become trained nurses. When one looks three years hence, the time seems endless, yet the three years past went by very rapidly. A resume of those three years will show three years of hard work, long hours and endless study, with many trials, temptations, many ups and downs.

I am sure I bespeak the sentiment of the entire class when I say that, had we to begin today instead of graduating, we would, one and all, begin once more with the same determined spirit we had three years ago.

Having attained the goal we have been striving for, I want in the name of the class to thank the kind Sisters who conduct this great institution and have made this night possible for us, for all the kindness and encouragement received at their hands. Also the Doctors of our Staff who have devoted their very valuable time, free gratis, in the class-room in order that we might receive the very best theory available. We little know how much it cost these Doctors to leave their own important work in order that we might be a credit to the School. Thanking them also for their patience with our awkwardness and mistakes.

Now that we are a class no more, each going their respective ways, the hardest task of all is to say "Goodbye." We having our mottoes clearly before us, *Semper Paratum "Proper Humanitatem"* (always ready, for the sake of humanity), I know each one will strive to make our Alma Mater proud of this class of 1923.

—M. J. C.

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

Why Reagan always persists in going via Main street?
Who will giggle when Hohman is gone?
Who ever saw Disbrow late for a meal?
Why Dr. Porter, Jr., does not wear a hat?
Why they call for soft hammers, ferrets, etc., in the operating room?
Why things like tubes, gauze, pins, etc., have to be spelled out before we know what is wanted?
Why Doctors Berghoff and Lill are always looking for Doctor Titus?

Doctor—"Mike, how did you come to get hit by the car?"
Mike—"Faith, Oi didn't come to get hit by a car. I come to see my sister."

LECTURE

A lecture is a special treatment for those affected with insomnia; it is a period of time thoughtfully set aside by the Faculty! Nearly all large institutions have realized the need of some such system. This artificial rest is ordered a term in advance and comes in one hour cans which are guaranteed to be full strength.

The student enters the lecture room, first removing the expression from his face. Then seating himself in a comfortable position he is soon lulled to sleep by the instructor's soothing murmurs.

THE OTHER FELLOW

I blame the other fellow
For what's befallen me;
If he hadn't spat upon the street,
I wouldn't have T. B.

If he had used his 'kerchief,
To cover his cough and sneeze,
I wouldn't have to spend my time
Fighting this dread disease.

But since I am a victim,
I've learned what I must do
To protect the folks about me
From being victims, too.

All the races of mankind—
The white, black, brown and yellow—
Should strive with all precautions known,
Not to be that other fellow.

She failed in dietetics, she failed in chemistry,
They heard her softly hiss:
"I'd like to find the man who said
That ignorance is bliss."

When You're Down in the Mouth, Remember Jonah—
He Came Out All Right.

OUR TEN COMMANDMENTS

1. Thou mayest only walk around the block in uniform.
2. Thou shalt not make for thyself an image of thy text book and take it with you to thy examination.
3. Thou shalt not yawn audibly in class.
4. Honor thy professors and thy lessons that thy days may be long in school.
5. Thou shalt read all rules and regulations and obey them, even if they please thee not.
6. Thou shalt not ask for more than two late permits monthly.
7. Thou shalt not use another's umbrella, etc.; even if it is raining.
8. Thou shalt contribute to the support of all class affairs.
9. Thou shalt not absent thyself from study hour without a grave reason.
10. Remember that thou must uphold the standards of thy profession all the days of thy life.

INSPIRED ANSWER

Instructor (to a student nurse in class)—"Miss Jones, will you give us a description of the gastroenemius muscle?"

Miss Jones (after considerable deliberation)—"The gastroenemius muscle (ahem) is the a—a— the chief muscle of the stomach."

THE GREATEST BORES IN A TRAINING SCHOOL

The human alarm clock.
The fellow who is always boasting.
The instructor who thinks his course the only one we are taking.
The time between 6:30 and 7:00 A. M. daily.
Study hour on Friday night.
Class hours when we have our P. M.'s.
Getting our laundry ready every Saturday night.
The squealer.
Examinations.
Night Duty on Fourth Floor.

I wish I was a little rock
A-settin' on a hill;
A-doing nothing all day long
But just a-settin' still;
I wouldn't eat, I wouldn't drink,
I wouldn't even wash;
I'd set and set a thousand years
And rest myself, by gosh.

IT'S ALL IN THE STATE OF MIND

If you think you are beaten, you are;
If you think that you dare not, you don't;
If you think you'd like to win, but you think you can't
It's almost a "cinch" you won't;
If you think you'll lose, you've lost,
For out in the world you find
Success begins with the fellow's will:
It's all in the state of mind.

Full many a race is lost,
Ere even a step is run,
And many a coward fails
Ere even his work's begun.
Think big, and you deeds will grow;
Think small, and you'll fall behind;
Think that you can, and you will;
It's all in the state of mind.

If you think you're outclassed, you are;
You've got to think high to rise;
You've got to be sure of yourself before
You can ever win a prize.
Life's battles don't always go
To the stronger or faster man;
But soon or late the mans who wins
Is the fellow who thinks he can.

A MATTER OF UNDERSTANDING

The lady was paying her hospital bill and finding fault with everything. The bookkeeper explained several charges. Finally she said: "What's this $2.00 laboratory charge for? I didn't have but one bath and the nurse made me bathe myself."

AS GOOD AS THE REST

Doctor (taking physician through ward)—"This doctor is a gastroenterostomy; this is a Pola resection, and this is a common duct."

Patient—"I beg your pardon, Doctor, but I am no more of a common duck than the rest of the patients in this ward."

Among the beautiful pictures
That hang on memory's wall,
Is one of that '23 Class,
The most troublesome of all.

The class of 1921 talked of getting a book.
The class of 1922 were going to have one.
The class of 1923 are good material—they got it.